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Fred Bussey Lambert

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MS 76
BX 20
NBK 16

Fiddlers -- Banjoists,
Fiddle Songs, etc.

Irononton Register -- Notes

MS 76
BX 20
NBK 16

By John Thomas Wentz.

Fiddlers and Songs.

As a fiddler, Ben France played with the most ease of any man I ever saw. Morris Wentz played with some difficulty compared with Mr. France, but he could play almost anything.

Lincoln County Fiddlers

Some of the best fiddlers I ever knew in Lincoln County, were Henry Peyton, father of "Blind" Bill Peyton, and Jack McComas, both of whom played before the Civil War.

Cabell County Fiddlers.

From Cabell County, the principal fiddlers were Morris Wentz, Ben France, William S. Rodgers, Charley Dodd. Banjos were not used so much, in those days, but later Rev. Billy Walker and others used to play them very well.

Morris Wentz used to play:
"The Cold Frosty Morning," "Going Back to Lixie," "The Arkansas Traveler," "Bonaparte's Retreat," (this pleased Billy Bramblett, the Frenchman)

"Ducks in the Pond", "The Punchon Floor",
"Hop Light, Ladies", "The Boatman", "The
Cackling Hen", "The Sorrowful Mountain"
"Soldiers' Joy", "Little Birdie", "Old Dan Tucker",
"Granny, Will your Dog Bite?",
"Liza Jane", "The Shelvin Rock", "Knock
Kneed Nannie", "Chippy, Get your
Hair Cut", "The Rebel Raid", "Turkey
In the Straw", "Sugar In the Gourd",
"Ginny, the Gal with the Blue Dress
On", "Old Joe Clark", "Liza Jane",
"Old Napper", "The Forked Stick"

After dancing the "Set" down,
they would close with the "Bieder",

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Manners and Customs, by Bill Peyton, Fiddlers.

Uncle John Spears was oldest I knew.
He was a good one. Some of his tunes were:-
Mayville, Rebel Raid, Dalton Road,
Sourwood Mountain, Getting off the Riff,
Shelvini Rock, Dover, The Coquette,
Leather Breeches, Betsy Walker, Frosty
Morning, Rollin' down the Sheets, The
Grand Spy, Daniel Boone, Capt. Johnson,
Cincinnati Belle, Rose in the Mountain,
The Blue Rooster, The Morning Star,
The Butterfly, Tinpot Alley, Bonapart
Crossing the Alps, Butchers Row, The
Brush Creek, Peach Tree, Waynesburg,
The Basket, Nancy Roland, The Arkasaw
Traveler and Cumberland Gap.

Johnny Dalton was a fiddler.

Other fiddlers were Jack McComas,
of Laurel Hill, Jim Franklin of Two Mile,
Tom Cooper on Mud above Hamlin.

Morris Wentz and Ben France of Cabell Co.
Tom Peyton, my brother and Henry Peyton
my father, Mig Sturgeon and Henry
Pauley from Boone Co.,

→ Mr. Billy McKendree told of Dangerfield Bryant
being a good fiddler and teacher of singing
and instrumental music. A shoemaker
by trade, He was lame. A good man
and perfect gentleman.

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(Copy)

East Lynn, W. Va.

March 5, 1951.

Dear Mr. Lambert:

Complying with your request, I send the names of a few old fiddlers, as follows: Champ Adkins, Kish Adkins, Ben Frances, George Crockett. All dead.

For information regarding Champ Adkins write Boyd Watts, Genoa, R #1. About Kish Adkins, write Raleigh Adkins, Wayne. About Ben Francis, write Willard Francis, East Lynn. About George Crockett, write Mrs. Sherman Ferguson, Wayne. For information about others write Mrs. Spicy Fry Stiltner, and Harkins Fry, Kenova. Here are some of the old tunes: "Sourwood Mountain", The Lone Prairie, Little old Log Cabin in the Lane, Nellie Gray, &c.

I know but little about the fiddling, as I am a Sunday School man, and interested in better things. I think it is better to say after one when he is dead that he is a Christian than to say he was a fiddler or baseball fan,

Respectfully,

(Signed) Lucian W. Osborne.

Jean Thomas Publications

"Devil's Ditties" — Pub. in Chicago,
1931 by W. Walbur Hatfield.
Very fine.

"The Singin' Gatherin'
Silver Burdett Co. — 1939

"The Singin' Fiddler of Lost Hope
Hollow" 1938 No songs
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. N. Y.

"Ballad 'Makin' in the Mountains
of Kentucky — 1939 Many Ballads.
Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

"The Sun Shines Bright" — 1940
Prentice Hall — N. Y.
Fine.

"The Trapsin' Woman" 1933
E. P. Dutton & Co.
no good.

"Big Sandy" — Where & by
whom published?

Barboursville, W. Va.

August 34th, 1867.

Ed. Journal:

On last Thursday evening, the 22nd, we had the pleasure of attending a concert given by the ladies of Guyandotte, assisted by several from this place and Catlettsburg, which was a complete success. Its object was to raise funds for the completion of the Methodist Church, in Guyandotte. The concert was opened at about 7 o'clock, and closed at 12. There was quite a large number of persons present from the neighborhood, besides a delegation from Catlettsburg. The following is the order of the exercises:

"Infernal Regions", (duet) Miss Belle Miller and Miss Annie Ulin.

"Haunted Stream", song, Miss Fannile L. Miller, Miss Teresa Merritt and Philip Merritt.

"Oliver Galop," Miss Maggie Thornburg.

"Gypsy's Warning", (song) Miss Kate Honshell.

"Angel's Serenade" Miss Jennie Allen.

"Ah, I've sighed to rest Me," (song) Miss Belle Miller, assisted by Miss Annie Ulin,

"The Maiden's Prayer", Miss Lucy McConnell.

"Wild Ash Deer," (song) Mrs. Buffington and Miss Lockey.

"Stonewall Jackson's March" Miss Jennie Allen.

"Now, Moses", (comic song) Mrs. McConnell and the Misses Annie Ulin, Mattie Dixon, and Columbia Kenner.

"Silver Wave", Miss Theresa Merritt.

"Dreaming", song. Miss Fannie Miller, Miss Lackey and Mr. Phil Merritt.

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"Prize Banner Quickstep" Miss Maggie Thornburg.

"Murmuring Sea" (song) Miss Hagan.

Then came a short intermission for the purpose of "trying the refreshments" of which there was good supply of the nicest kind, after which the exercises were resumed in the following order:

"I would like to change my name," Miss Mattie Dixon,

"Mountain Belle Schottische", " duet. The Misses Fannie Miller and Jennie Allen.

"Axes to grind", (song with moral). Mrs. Buffington, assisted by the Misses Lackey and Ong.

"Return of Spring" Polka, by Miss Jennie Allen.

"Bird of Beauty" (song) the Misses Merritt and Lackey

"Many a time I'm sad at heart," song, Miss Honchell.

"Enoch Arden's farewell," (song) the Misses Belle Miller and Theresa Merritt.

"Home Star Waltz," Miss Jennie Allen.

"Come to the Window, Love" (serenade) Miss Luch McConnell.

"Whippoorwill," song, the Misses Theresa Merritt, Victoria Grady, Willie Miller, and others.

"Ring the Bell, Watchman," (song) the Misses Fannie Miller, Theresa Merritt, Victoria Grady, , Willie Miller, and others.

A comic song was sung by Miss Sallie Keenan. We do not remember the name of it, but know that it describes the life and adventures of a woman from the time she is marriageable until she becomes a grand mother.

It is hardly necessary to say that all who participated in the exhibition acquitted themselves admirably. Several of the young

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ladies had never before been upon the stage, yet they seemed to be at ease and acted their part splendidly. The audience was delighted, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." It was a nice place for "a young man with a small family," and we were thrown into such delightful company that we were "loth to depart," even after the performance was ended.

The receipts amounted to \$120.00.

Yours,

L E Phant.

Dances were very common at weddings, and on many other occasions. Some of the tunes played were as follows;

The Devil's Dream.

Old Zip Cook

Billie in the Low Ground

Virginia Reel

"I had a dog, and ~~his name was Rover~~
And his name was Rover,
When he had fleas,
He made 'Em all over."

Irish Washerwoman.

Mississippi Sawyer.

From

The

SINGIN' GATHERIN'

Tunes from the Southern Appalachians.

JEAN THOMAS

&

JOSEPH A. LEEDER.

Complete Edition

SILVER BURDETT COMPANY

New York

Boston

Chicago

San Francisco

INTRODUCTION.

For the mountaineer, shut off by high mountain walls and bridgeless streams from the outside world, music filled his house of loneliness. It was a part in the ordinary occasions of his simple life. Mountain folks sang their ballads at the plow, the spinning wheel, beside the sleeping least uns in the bee gum crib.

They celebrated the Infar wedding. They funerealized their dead after the buryin' so that the Elder, (the minister) who journeyed at long intervals through the sparsely settled region, might be present to improve the occasion (eulogize the departed. They kept fresh the tradition of the frolic and the drinking of the wassail cup, and the singin' gatherin'.

The summer term of Circuit Court in an isolated section of the Kentucky mountains where I was engaged as Court Stenographer, after dragging for weeks through a wearisome and heavy docket, at last adjourned. It was "like on a Saturday." And the next day being Sunday, I set out from the old Keary House at the County seat where I boarded, in the jolt wagon of friendly neighbors, , the Turleys, who were "aimin" to take the day with kin "folks" out on Brushy Fork of Lonesome Creek.

" You look peekid out of your eyes," Granny Keary said that very morning when I came down to the kitchen for breakfast," and hit's no wonder--you bein' cooped up that in the Court House with them lawyers and a passel of witnesses day arter day like so many feathered fowls in a barnyard, you a-sottin' down every word that draps from their lips. Your'e plum tuckered out, I'm sartin. Git you gone out whar the birds are singin' and the laurel's in full blowth. Whar the crrk waters is clair as a crystal and gurglin' like a song ballet over snowy wjite pebbles and sparklin' sands."

So, as soon as breakfast was over, the dishes washed, and the "kitchen house put to rights," off we rode--I with my portable typewriter and brief case (I never went without them) and then the Turleys with a basket of "extrie vitals" for their kin folks--leaving Granny Kearey smiling contentedly on the stoop of the old Keary House, waving farewell with an end of her checkered apron, and calling out a cheery, "I'll look for you when I see you comin' woman. Now enjoy yourself."

Many a mile we rode that bright summer day, long ago, over the creek-bed road. We had at last reached a lonely lonely hollow when suddenly, from afar, the soft, harp-like notes of a stringed instrument drifted into the wuiet ravine. "It can't be a zither," thought I, "there are too few tones. Nor a banjo, nor yet a guitar." By this time, slowly, steadily with the music, arose the voice of an old man, a girl, and a child. I leaned forward eagerly from the wagon seat where I sat, beside Ethan Turley and Fronie, his mate, listening intently. The Turley ofdspring, holding fast to the sides of their straight, hickory chairs, two rows deep in the wagon bed, clapped their hands and cried out in glee. "Let's stop, Pappy, and go over yonder to Uncle Abner's," the eldes of the Turley girls spoke up, flinging a little hand in the direction from whence came the song.

I ventured no query. We of the level land soon learn to ask no questions in the mountains of Kentucky.

For a moment, the driver, Ethan Turley craned his neck like a turkey spying a bug through a rail fence. With a wide brimmed felt cocked over a half cynical eye, he drawled, "Hits nigh same as religion to him." Jerking a thumb in the direction of the music, "Old Uncle Abner's startin' up the singin' gatherin' agin, I reckon. That's him a-strummin the dulcimore."

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"The dulci-more", I echoed. "I wish I could stop and listen."

"Nothin' to hinder you," assured Ethan Turley, "for to halt a leetle spell, but not for long, because Phronie's folks'll be expectin' us."

A look of delight came over the faces of the little Turleys and we listened for awhile. But Ethan and Phronie shifted impatiently and exchanged glances. "We best be goin' on," said Ethan, and Phronie nodded assent.

"Wall", drawled Ethan, observing my reluctance, "bein' as old Uncle Abner's dulci-more and their singin' pleasures you like hit does," he eyed me hesitantly, "supposin' you stay here; there's allus victuals a-plenty at Old Abner's. Me and the woman," turning to his mate, "we'll take the yungins and go on." To which the children made no protest, but settled back, meekly. "We'll come along back about sundown and fetch you home to the Keary House. Granny Keary'll be sendin' out a sarch warrant, I reckon," he chuckled, "iffen we wuz to forgit you."

"It's a bargain," said I, beaming with delight. And without further ado I climbed out over the dusty wheels of the jolt wagon and made my way cautiously over the foot log that spanned the creek, balancing myself with portable and brief case. Reaching the opposite bank in safety, I struck off on a narrow foot path through a straggling corn patch to Old Uncle Abner's cabin, from which came the music. A handful of his neighbors, children, and grown-ups, gathered in the foreyard of the tiny, windowless cabin, seated on backless benches and puncheon benches, were celebrating with a mouth harp, a fiddle, a "banjer" and the dulcimer, a three-stringed instrument played with a "noter" (a small stick) and a turkey feather.

As I drew near, the music suddenly ceased and Uncle Abner arose, dulcimer in one hand, and extended the other in a friendly fashion. "Now, that I scrutinize you," he said in his slow, mountain way, "and now that I taken notice of them contrapshuns you're a-packin'; I memorize you. You're the short writer, the Traipsin' Woman that follers the law with the jedge and a passel of lawyers, I've heard talk, too, that you've got a cravin' for song ballets and music. So, come jine our Singin' Gatherin'."

He paused to make me acquainted with his fellow minstrels. After he had introduced the older minstrels he said proudly, "Yonder's Little Chad," pointing to a tot with corn stock fiddle "as apt with hit as his elders with sure enough bow and strings." The child turned away shyly. "And yonder's Little Babe with his gourd banjer. As crafty a hand as ever picked a tune." The little boy in home spun breeches and and knitted galluses twisted bashfully at a button on his cheviot shirt and burrowed a small toe in the ground only looking up at me after Old Uncle Abner drew attention to the small girl in the in a blue, calico dress and sun bonnet, who sat with her hands primly folded in her lap. "That's Emmaline, a right dirty singer if ever there ~~waz~~ one." Uncle Abner offered unstinted praise of the children, each in turn.

And then he sat down, holding the dulcimer carefully on his knees. "We take delight in makin' music on the Lord's day, hit putts us in good heart. We've been havin' our Singin' Gatherin' like this on the second Sunday in June, ever since I can ricollect. Same as my gran'sire did when he settled here and fashioned this house with his own hands."

Then, matter-of-factly, they proceeded with their music. They sang foot washin' hymns in the style of the Gregorian modes, ditties to pleasure (please) the least uns (little children), lonesome tunes, and play game pieces without no harm in 'em. Old Uncle Abner made haste to explain, "You taken notice we ain't a-steppin' the tune. We hold to the Primitive Faith and we don't favor dancin' leastwise, not on the Lord's day."

Of, course, I returned the next year and the next, always to leave with the keen desire to make this function more widely available. They welcomed me each time to their midst and sang over and over for me their ballads and ditties, so that I might take them down on my portable typewriter and "ketch hit right" in my note books--where I recorded their music. They even sent word by the high sheriff long in advance to remind me of their Singin' Gatherin'. Then there came that second Sunday in June when the Singin' Fiddler of Lost Hope Hollow wandered in with his fiddle and his "head piece" plum full of ditties and frolic tunes." Those who have heard Jilson Setters, the Singin' Diddler, will understand why it seemed especially desirable to bring him and Uncle Abner's many friends down to the "level land" for an audience. But I returned annually for some time before I could persuade them to descend with their music to my cabin near the Mayo Trail, in the foothills of Kentucky.

The immediate, enthusiastic reception of this first Singin' Gatherin' encouraged us to organize the American Folk Song Society with the purpose of perpetuating authentic interpretation of the ballads and jig tunes that had been handed down from generation

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to generation without book or manuscript. With the hope of inspiring a growing appreciation of and love for this heritage, we agreed, also upon the presentation of the Annual Festival. It has retained the unspoiled spontaneity of the first meeting. We make no attempt to commercialize the Festival, and the mountain minstrels still participate proudly without so much as a thought of remuneration. They play and sing for thousands of people (in 1926 to an audience of 15,000 and in 1938 to almost 20,000 with the same joy in their music which marked the first afternoon's celebration. To them it is still their Singin' Gatherin' to which they look forward eagerly on the second Sunday of June, of each year. On primitive puncheon benches the mountain minstrels sit grouped on a great, rustic stage in front of a tiny, windowless cabin--in a cathedral of high hills, and above, the canopy of heaven; high hills that give back the echo of warning and wassail song, frolic and lonesome tunes to the muted strain of fiddle and dulcimer, of harp and flute.

Not a small factor in their enthusiasm for the Festival is the pride with which they recall their leading minstrel, Jilson Setters, has been abroad to sing under the auspices of the English Folk Song Society in Royal Albert Hall, London. The story of his unprecedented adventure has attracted considerable editorial comment, as well, and I may quote from one ardent writer:

"The visit to England of this minstrel - - - has had a valuable effect on the younger generation of the mountain region. It was told from cabin to cabin, and has stayed the demoralizing influence of those who have returned from sad adventure with the civilization of the 'level land' who, in picking up the worst products of urban ways, have affected to look down upon the folk customs kept

intact these many generations. Not the least value of the Festival is the growing reeling on the part of the hill folk that the worth of their simple ways must be great if the people of the great towns and cities come so many miles to hear them."

And now, through the long winter evenings, lest the least uns forgot our play games, lest they forgot how their elders went to singin' schoo, bless you, old and young gather at the fireside of the cabin and make merry time and again when the wind whistles around the chimney and the snow covers hill and valley. And a friendly neighbor whose "grandsire afore him" was a singin' master draps in and "pitches the tunewith an old tuning fork," and Jilson Setters drags up a bench for, even though he can neither read nor write, he can keep an eye on the "quashed notes" up on the blackboard, and "foller the pinter" of the singin' master, and lead off in the tune with his fiddle, while the rest "jine in" Even "Little Babe" Caldwell with his home-made gourd banjer, adds a lively ditty, while Aunt Ailsie, "own blood kin" of Old Uncle Abner, dead and gone these long years, raises her voice in a lonesome tune that fills the little cabin from puncheoned floor to drakened rafters. "We're makin' ready this a-way for the next Singin' Gatherin' " Jilson Setters will tell you if you should "drap in" some winter evening. "And mind you don't forget our Singin' Gatherin' come the second Sunday in June".

With increasing popularity at home and with recognition by a similar society in England we find the re-awakened interest in folk song has earned us the endorsement of the foremost students of ethology, of poets, such as Vincent Benet and Carl Sandburg, and of critics of music, including deems Taylor. Final preservation of the pageantry and song and folk dances has, at the same time been

assured for the Singin' Gatherin' --through a grant from the
Rockefeller Foundation--through being filmed and recorded in its
entirety for the Division of Music of the Congressional Library.

Foreword.

Americans are becoming increasingly interested in the rich, cultural heritage of Anglo-Saxon folk music brought to our country long ago and preserved by our neighbors in the Southern Appalachians. Concert artists have sung and played well-loved favorites on their programs. Many teachers of music in our schools have tried to bring these, and other interesting songs to their classes, but have been overwhelmed with the obstacles of choosing from the enormous amount of materials available a representative and varied selection suitable for American youth. This volume brings together typical, authentic materials which were secured directly from the mountain folk during many years of collection and comparison.

A brief story of each melody has been provided to give a clearer picture of how the tune has functioned in social usage. Many photographs of home and community life and of a mountain festival reproduce the background in which the music lives today. A few recordings are suggested so that those who have never heard the ~~tune~~ tunes will gain some idea of the manner in which they are sung or played by the mountaineer himself. The tone quality of the player is not to be used as a pattern, but merely shows how sincerely and truthfully the mountain people have used these melodies as their one medium for emotional expression.

This collection gives our American audience, both adults and youth a cross-section of the musical culture of the Appalachians, and suggests the original associated with it, such as singing, listening, dancing, dramatizing, and reading. To meet the growing

demand for such materials , which are distinctly American, two editions are available. The Student's Edition contains the descriptive notes, text of the festival, and the melodies, a format which makes it possible for each student to have a copy. These ballads were originally sung unaccompanied except for the "banjer" and dulcimer. Since there is need today for piano accompaniments in using the songs for programs and festivals, the Complete Edition contains piano accompaniments and complete production details of the festival. Mr. Walter Kob, instructor in the theory of music, Ohio State University, has harmonized these melodies simply and as true to the mountain traditions as modern notation permits.

Some of the songs in this book will be found to have unusual melodies which, because of their scale structure, are known as "modal" tunes. The scale formations which underlie these modal tunes are survivals of mediaval scales which have lived on in the folk music of this country.. The disappearance of the modal system in the music of western civilization is largely attributed to the growth in importance of harmony and key tonality. The feeling for modality has continued with mountain folk probably because they have not developed , nor have been subjected to, a feeling for modern harmony.

Besides modal scales, "gapped" scales are also characteristic. In them, one or more scale tones are missing. There are eight pentatonic (five-toned) tunes in this book.

Melodies which have an unusual modal, or gapped scale formation, are so identified.. In determining these scales, certain traditional patterns (sequence of whole and half.steps) have been followed. The patterns here are indicated in the terms of the

key of "C", or the white keys of the piano. The final note, or tonic, is encircled:

DORIAN	D E F G <u>A</u> B C D
HYPO-DORIAN	A B C D E F G <u>A</u>
AEOLIAN	A B C D E F G <u>A</u>
MIXO-LYDIAN	<u>G</u> <u>A</u> B C D E F G
PENTATONIC-MAJOR	C D EG <u>AC</u>
PENTATONIC-AEOLIAN	AC D EG <u>A</u> .

All the Aeolian tunes have the sixth tone of the scale missing. Theoretically, these could also be called Dorian. However, the predominance of the skop of a minor third and the treatment of cadences seems to indicate that they are Aeolian. For the accompaniments, the discussion of the modes, and the classification of the ballads as to modes, sincere appreciation is expressed by the authors to Mr. Kob.

ANSWERING BACK SONGS.

"Answering Back" songs, or Scottish "flyting" or scolding ballads are sung by a boy and a girl. The boy sings one verse and the girl "answers back". They are seated side by side. It would be considered the height of disrespect for others to join in when a couple sings this type of ballad, though a single accompaniment of guitar or dulcimer is often used---the boy, of course, playing. Young folks enjoy having the boys of the group sing the boy's part while the girls "answer back".

Illustration here

Seated on a puncheon bench Garnetta Gullett softly plays her guitar, while Edward Eskew sings the first verse of a Scotch "flyting" or scolding ballad, an answering back ballad called "paper of Pins". The boy sings first, and the girl "answers back".

Illustration here

"Lest the least uns forgit the play games and ditties of their elders", old and young gather on long winter evenings at the fire-side of the cabin; the singin' master, Ulysses Grant Hall "draps in" and points to the quare shaped notes on the wall. Jilson Setters plays his fiddle. Little Babe, with his gourd "banjer" stands at his mother's side and Emmaline sits on a milk stool close by. Elizabeth Lowell Flatt "picks the box". The rived oak broom is on the floor beside her, for they have sung a match-makin' ditty, with Granny, the match-maker, leadin' off in its singin'.

PAPER OF PINS.

Similar to "Keys of Heaven" and another example of the answering back ballad. First the boy speaks, then the girl. The mountain girl who sang this for me sat complacently piecing a calico quilt, her scraps of colored calico in a basket on the floor at her feet; she stiched and sang through verse after verse of the song. This is the type of song in which the singer ofter raises the key a trifle as the story moves along. Often the raising of the key is so slight that it is impossible to transfer it to paper, and yet it is there when one listens intently to the singer.

Oh, I'll give you a paper of pins,
If that's the way your love begins,
If you will marry me, ^{me, me,} if you will marry me.

No, I'll not accept your paper of pins,
If that's the way your love begins,
And I won't marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

I will give you a blue, silk gown (dress of green)
Golden tassels all around (all bound about with silver
(sheen)
If you will marry me, if you will marry me.

No, I'll not accept your blue sik gown (dress of green)
Golden tassels all around (all bound about with silver
(sheen),
And I won't marry you, and I won't marry you.

I will give you a little pacin' horse
That paced these hills from cross to cross
If you will marry me, if you will marry me.

No, I'll not accept your little pacin' horse
That paced these hills from cross to cross
And I won't marry you, you you,
And I'll not marry you.

I will give you my hand and heart
~~That we may marry and never part,~~
If you will marry me, if you will marry me.

No, I'll not accept your hand and heart,
That we may marry and never part,
And I won't marry you, and I won't marry you.

I will give you the key to my chest,
That you may have gold at your request,
If you will marry me me, me,
If you will marry me.

Oh yes, I'll accept the key to your chest
That I may have gold at my request,
And I will marry you, you, you,
And I will marry you.

You would not accept my hand and heart,
That we might marry and never part,
So, I'll not marry you, you, you,
So I'll not marry you.

For now I see that money is all
And woman's love is nothing at all,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

I'm determined to be an old maid,
Take my stool and sit in the shade,
If you won't marry me, me, me,
If you won't marry me.

THE OLD MILLER.

One of the best loved by the children, it may be because of its lullaby swing. I have heard more than one young father sing it to his first born:

There was an old man in our town,
He was a man of great remown,
He took sick and made his will,
And all he had was a danged old mill,
Sing, high fly, fol de die day.

He called up his oldest son,
"Son, my race is almost run
And if to you this mill I leave
Pray tell me the toll you mean to receive."
Sing, high fly, fol de die day.

"Oh, father, you know my name is Heck
And out of each bushel I will take a peck;
And every bushel I do grind,
I'll take a good living that I do find."
Sing, high fly, fol de die day.

Oh son, oh son, if you do this
You won't do as I have done;
This mill to you I cannot leave
For by such terms no man can live."
Sing, high fly, fol de die day.

He called up his second son,
"Son, my race is almost run.
If to you this mill I leave

Pray tell me the toll you wish to receive."

Sing high fly, fol de die day.

"Oh father, you know my name is Gaff

And out of each bushel I'll take a half,

And every bushel that I do grind

I will take a good living that I do find."

Sing, high fly, fol de die day.

"Oh son, oh son, if you do this

You won't do as I have done;

This mill to you I cannot leave

For by such terms no man can live."

Sing, high fly, fol de die day.

He called up his youngest son,

"Son, my race is almost run;

If to you this mill I leave

Pray tell me the toll you wish to receive."

Sing, high fly, fol de die day.

"Oh father, you know I'm your darling boy;

Stealing corn is all my joy;

I will steal the corn and swear to the sack

And take a good living that I shant lack."

Sing high fly, fol de die day.

"Oh son, oh son, if you do this

You will do as I have done;

These mills are yours," the old man said

And shut up his hanged old eyes and died.

Sing high fly, fol de die day.

JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land where my possessions lie;
I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the prom-
ised land,
Oh, who will come and go with me, I'm bound for the prom-
ised land.

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN.

Sung in much the strain of "Sweet Betsey, from Pike". There are as many variants as there are counties and communities in the Kentucky mountains.

My true love lives over the mountains

Hey, ding diddle, diddle daddy day.

I would give this world if I was with her,

Hey, ding diddle, daddy day.

I got a gal at the head of the holker,

Hey, ding diddle, daddy dey.

She won't come and I won't foller.

Hey, ding diddle, daddy dey.

She sits up with old Si Hall--oh,

Hey ding diddle, daddy dey.

Some of these days before very long,

Hey, ding diddle, daddy dey.

I'll get a gal and a home I can run;

Hey, ding diddle daddy dey.

Big dog barks and little one'll bite you,

Hey, ding diddle, daddy dey.

Big gal court an' little one'll marry you,

Hey, ding diddle, daddy dey.

Geese in the pond and duck in the ocean,

Hey, ding diddle, daddy dey.

Devil's in the women when they take a notion.

Hey, ding diddle, daddy dey.

- LIZA JANE-

I've been to many a circus,
I've been to many a show,
I've traveled over this wide world,
I've got no-where to go.

Chorus:

Hurry up, pretty little gal,
Hurry up, Liza Jane;
Hurry up, poor little gal;
She died on the train.

I wish I had a needle and a thread.
As fine as I could sew,
I would sew all the girls to my coat tails
and down the mountain I'd go.

I'll go up on the mountain top
And plant me a patch of cane;
I'll make me a jug of molasses
For to sweeten little Liza Jane.

Head is like a doffee pot,
Nose is like a sprout,
Her mother is like an old fire-place
With the ashes all raked out.

I went to see my Liza Jane;
She was standin' in the door,
Her shoes and stockings in her hand
And her feet all over the floor.

The hardest work I ever did
Was a-brakin' on the train;
The easiest work that I ever did
Was a-courtin' Liza Jane.

-PRINCE CHARLEY

Mrs. Ben Martin, wife of Ben Martin, son of John Martin, who was shot during the Martin-Tolliver feud of Rowan County, sang for me "Charley's neat, Charley's sweet". She is deeply religious, but she did ~~not~~ get up from her chair, and with dignity, go through the "Charley's Neat". She told me that her foks permitted ~~x~~ them to dance to it and called it a play song.

Charley's neat and Charley's sweet,

And Charley, he's a dandy;

Every time he goes to town

He gets his girl some candy.

The higher up the cherry tree

The riper grows the berry;

The more you hug and kiss the girls

The sooner they will marry.

Over the hill to feed my sheep

And over the hill to Charley;

Over the river to feed my sheep

On buckwheat cake and barley.

- Copy the Songs on
- n. 2-3 "Paper of Pins" ✓
 - n. 4-5 - Bachelor's Song ✓
 - n. 6-7 - Barbary Ellen ✓
 - n. 22 - Liza Jane ✓
 - n. 23 - Cunder ✓
 - n. 24 - Push Boat ✓
 - n. 36 - "Down in the Valley"

By Amariah Ross

Feb. 27, 1951

"Shelvin Rock"

Played by Ben France.

"Waltz Under the Hill" "

"Seven Mile Winder" "

"Money Mussy" "

"Devil's Dream" "

"Mississippi Sawyers" "

"Sixteen Days in Georgia" "

"Little Sallie Waters"

"Marching Through Georgia"

"Whitefield Georgia"

"Annie Adkins" — By herself
a fiddler when my
father was a boy.

"Ocean Wave"

"Over the Way"

"Grasshopper"

"Cabin Creek"

Hornpipes

Fisher's Hornpipe

Sailors

Ladies'

~~Just~~

Gerang

Forked Head

3
"Third Day of July"

"Butterfly"

"Birdie"

"Lop Eared Mule"

"Billy in the Low Ground"

"Wild Horse"

"Old Bill Keenan"

"Round Town Girls"

"Sawwood Mountain"

"Old Joe Clark"

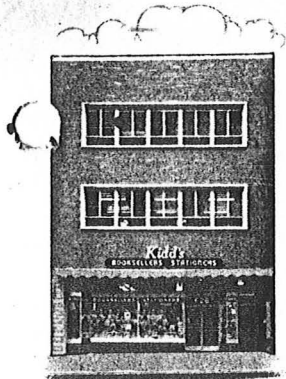
"Greasy String."

"Cross Keys"

"Bet My Money on Bobtail Horse"

"Blue Ridge Mountain Home."

(~~to~~ Write Editor Toledo Blade
for book on these.)



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Booksellers • Stationers • Engravers



626 VINE ST.
CINCINNATI 2, U. S. A.

Mr. F. B. Lambert
Barboursville, W. Virginia

Feb. 15, 1951

Dear Mr. Lambert:

The following items might be of value to you in writing your history of the counties mentioned in your letter of Feb. 5th:

Sing of America - Tom Scott- book of the Best American Folk Songs - a cross section of our rich folk heritage - \$4.00.

Fireside Book of Folk Songs - M. B. Boni- Songs from the towns of England, the moors of Scotland, the fields of Ireland, the plains of the American west, the hills of Kentucky - songs familiar anywhere. \$5.00.

Our Singing Country - John A. Lomax - taken from the archive of American Folk Song in the Library of Congress. \$6.50.

If you will send us a check for the correct amount, plus 35¢ to cover postage and insurance, we will be glad to mail any or all of these books to you at once.

Very truly yours,

jdk/gg

J. David Kidd
JOHN G. KIDD & SON, INC.

West Virginia University
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
MORGANTOWN

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

February 19, 1951

Mr. F. W. Lambert
Barboursville, West Virginia

Dear Mr. Lambert:

Your letter of February 12 to the West Virginia University School of Music has been referred to me. I have done research in West Virginia folk songs.

You say you wish to give the words and histories of a considerable number of "hillbilly" and "folk" songs. There is much misunderstanding regarding the term "hillbilly" as applied to people and music. As applied to persons, the term is one of contempt and should never be applied to self-respecting West Virginians. It has always been a fighting term among genuine mountaineers. To us who live in the hills, and whose ancestors have long lived in the hills, the term denotes about the same as "poor white trash." As applied to music, the term denotes a kind of music and a manner of producing that music which has developed with the radio in the last quarter of a century. It was never known in the hills until the radio put it there. For its origin you will have to look to Tin Pan Alley and other sources foreign to the hills of West Virginia.

There are several different kinds of folk songs that have been known in these hills since our ancestors brought them from the Old World. There are also many songs that had their origin in this country and have been preserved in the homes or by the American minstrel singer, who used to be a familiar figure at the county fairs.

The most complete collection of folk songs of West Virginia yet published is Folk Songs of the South by John Harrington Cox, published by the Harvard University Press, in 1925. The book is now out of print, but you should be able to get it from any good library.

If I can be of any assistance to you, please let me know.

Sincerely yours,

Patrick W. Gainer

Patrick W. Gainer
Associate Professor
of English

PWG:bb

PLEASE SHIP TO:

NAME.....DATE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....COUNTY.....STATE.....

"THE OLD MCGUFFEY READERS"

The McGuffey Readers were first published in 1836 and have been continuously published, in many editions, ever since that time. The edition of 1879 was the most famous and was therefore chosen as the memorial edition to celebrate the McGuffey centenary in 1936. The books listed below are identical with the 1879 edition, having been printed from the original old plates.

<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Net Price</u> <u>Postpaid</u>	<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Net Price</u> <u>Postpaid</u>
_____ Primer	\$.71	_____ Fourth Reader	\$1.19
_____ First Reader	.80	_____ Fifth Reader	1.44
_____ Second Reader	.90	_____ Sixth Reader	1.57
_____ Third Reader	1.03		

OTHER POPULAR OLD TEXTBOOKS

The following books are reprints from the original old plates.

<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Net Price</u> <u>Postpaid</u>
_____ McGuffey Spelling Book	\$1.00
_____ Webster Spelling Book ("Old Blue Back")	.71

MCGUFFEY BOOKS FOR THE HOME LIBRARY

<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Net Price</u> <u>Postpaid</u>
_____ Old Favorites from the McGuffey Readers	\$3.83

A collection of best loved selections chosen by a distinguished group of McGuffeyites, this unique book was printed from the original plates so each selection is presented just as it appeared in the Reader.

<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Net Price</u> <u>Postpaid</u>
_____ William Holmes McGuffey and His Readers	\$2.55

This companion volume tells the story of McGuffey and his books and evaluates their effect on the generations that read them.

<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Net Price</u> <u>Postpaid</u>
_____ The Story of the McGuffeys by Alice McGuffey Ruggles, Copyright 1950	\$2.55

"My aim in this volume has been to make these old-fashioned Americans and their world come to life."

The Lincoln County Creek by Tom Starnel and —

Come fathers, Mothers, sisters and brothers too,
I want to tell you the history of the Lincoln County crew;
Of their bloody scrapping, and many thieving deeds,
Pray, give me your attention, and notice how it reads

It was in the month of August, on a very sultry day,
That Allen Summfield was wounded by Mr. Milt Halsey.
But Summfield did not believe it, nor even thought it so,
"It was Green Mc Coy," he said, "that struck that fatal blow."

They shot and ~~hit~~^{near} Roney Lucas, a sober and innocent man,
To leave a wife and children to do the best they can,
They wounded Rufus Stowers, although his life was saved,
~~After which~~^{When} he shunned the pro-shop, since he was so near the place

Allen Summfield had recovered, and some months had passed
When, at the home of George Fry, these men met at last,
Green Mc Coy and Milt Halsey, about the yard did walk,
They seemed to be uneasy, but neither wished to talk.

They went into the house and sat down by the fire,
And little did they think, they had met their fatal hour;
The sting of death was near them, the crowd rushed in the door
A few words was passed between them, of a row they'd had before

The Lincoln County Crew - cont'd.

The people all got frightened and rushed ^{out} from the room,
As the balls from Brumfield's pistols started the boys to their tomb.
Their friends gathered round them, their wives to weep and wail,
Tom Ferrel was arrested and was soon rushed off to jail.

Tom was placed in jail ^{in Hamlin} to stay there for awhile,
In care of Andrew Chapman, to wait his coming trial,
The Butchers boys wanted to lynch Tom, and that was his only fear,
For on the day of trial - Tom Ferrel was proven clear.

Another murder on that most unhappy day
Brought Martin Phelps into the ranch.
And soon it was known that it was he
That killed poor Wilson Branch.

Lincoln County ~~is~~ still at war, and may never close
Until Justice overcomes them all, and condemns their souls,
This should be a warning to all men, and I pray ^{it} may be so,
For pistols and whiskey jugs, will bring them mortal woe.

For in that whiskey-glass, these lurking devils dwell,
That burns out ^{all} the good ^{and sends men's} souls to hell,
~~And sends precious souls to hell,~~
To writhe in fiery torment in ^{endless} ~~never ending~~ eternity.
Dear men of Lincoln County, such scenes as these sh. wd. n. e. h.

Barboursville, W. Va.

Feb. 10, 1950.

Gentlemen: ~


I wish to find words and music of a number of folk and "hillbilly" songs such as sung in this section of W. Va., Ohio and Eastern Kentucky 1800-1840, 1840-1870, 1870 to the present - not only the songs, but a history telling about their dates, author, history, etc., if they have any.

Very truly,
F. B. Lambert.

Mr. Lambert:

You could "Folk Song" USA" by John & Alan Lomax, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. This book can be had from most any good book store. It can be had or ordered from Hornes Dept Store, Pittsburgh. Cost is about 5 or 6 dollars but it is the best one published as yet.

Good luck,


Slim Bryant KDKA
Pittsburgh 19 Pa

Wayne Co. Mc Ginnis Births

Tunes

Turkey In The Straw
Sourwood Mountain.

"Hage 'em Along."

The Lost Indian

Pharoah's Dream

Hell up the Coal Hollow

The Devil's Dream

Shady Grove

Arkansas Traveler

Little Bunch o' Blues

New River Train

I Love Some Body.

Guitar, Fiddle and Banjo
Platform dances
Square dance.

Fiddlers

Morris Wenzel

Ben France

Perival Brown

Bob Claypool - Buffalo Creek
Lincoln Co of Mud River

Seamton Ross - near Salt Rock

Burgess Stewart - Lincoln Co
Buffalo Cr. Extra Good

Frank Jefferson - Cabell Co.

Anse Blake - Nine Mile

On Fiddlers write:

Pat Walls - Man or Kessler

Lon Atkins - Huntington

Other Tunes:

Cripple Creek

See 1926 Llorae, p 18 and 19,
Amusements.

Times: Arkansas Traveler, Cumberland Gap,
Maysville

Rebel Raid

Walton Raid

Getting Off the Raft.

Sourwood Mountain

The Coquette

Hover

Leather Breeches, Full of Sheets

Petty Walker

Frosty Morning

Rollin' Down the Sheets

The Grand Spy,

Daniel Boone.

Captain Johnson

Cincinnati Belle

Rose in the Mountain

Rocky Mountain

The Blue Booster

The Morning Star

The Butterfly

Bonaparte Crossing the Alps

The Pot Alley

Bulcher's Row

The Brush Creek

Waynesboro

Peach Tree

The Basket

Nancy Nowland

43
See about the last page in
Percival S. Brown's letters, in
"Early History of Cabell County and
Barboursville."

From a Barboursville man:
Violinists, etc.

Morris Wentz
Ben France

Bob Claypool - Lincoln Co.

Staunton Ross - Near Salt Rock

Burgess ("Coon") Stewart

(Buffalo Creek - Lincoln Co.

(Frank Jefferson) - Nine Mile

(Anse Blake) " "

Tunes

The Lost Indian

Pharaoh's Dream

Well Up the Coal Hollow

The Devil's Dream

Shady Grove

Arkansas Traveler

Little Bunch o' Blues

New River Train

I Love Somebody

Hard Up.

See old settlers

1745 - Madison Ave

Mrs. Susie Selbee

1829 Madison Ave

Hasan older brother.

By Myron Drummond
"Sugar In The Gourd"

"Chicken Reel"

Birdie

Fisher's Hornpipe } For

Cincinnati " } jig dance-

Irish Washerwoman

Fiddlers:

Ben Frazer - Best of all.

Abijah Lish Adkins

Blind Ed Haley - Hunting
Tom & Logan - Living

Hezekiah Adkins - Co. Clerk
of Wayne - Sheriff
also?

Cain Adkins - Son of
Jake Adkins Sr &
"Fiddler Cain"

Gilbert Smith

Isom Johnson bro. to

Lens Johnson of Raccoon
sons of old "Peaker"

John Johnson of Raccoon
Creek - m. "Puss" Johnson
parents of Irvin, Isom,
Lens, etc. and some
sisters. Isom lived on
Wolf Pen Br. of Beech
Fork. He m. Anna
Adkins, dau. Silman
Adkins & Crieda Adkins
(nee Adkins) of 12 Pole
Large family.

Amaganozo.

Old Charley Robison came from Alabama. Brought "Birdie". He was a colored man and a good fiddler.

Bob Glenn lived up Ohio River about Mason Co., played at Guyandotte when I was a boy. A first class fiddler. His bro Dave Glenn also was a good one.

Jimmie Rodgers lived at Guyandotte. He was bro. to Bascom Rogers who kept saloon at Guyandotte - The Logan Saloon, when I was a boy.

Dave Adkins was said to be the second man who ever settled on Beech Fork. Jacob Jr. was first settler. No relation.

PAPER OF PINS.

(He)1-I'll give to you this paper of pins,

And that's the way our love a-gins,

If you will marry me, me, me,

If you will marry me

(She) 2. No, I'll not accept your paper of pins,

If that's the way your love a-gins,

And I'll not marry you, you, you,

And I'll not marry you.

(He)3 I'll give to you this blue, silk gown

With golden tassels all around.

If you will marry me, me, me,

If you will marry me.

(She)4 I'll not accept your blue silk gown,

With golden tassels all around,

And I'll not marry you, you, you,

And I'll not marry you.

(He) 5 I'll give to you this old big horse,

That paced these hills from cross to cross,

If you will marry me, me, me,

If you will marry me.

(She)6 No, I'll not accept your old big horse

That paced these hills from cross to cross,

And I'll not marry you, you, you,

And I'll not marry you.

(He) 7 I'll give to you my hand and ~~heart~~ my heart,

That we might marry, and never part,

If you will marry me, me, me,

If you will marry me.

(She)8. No, I'll not accept your hand and your heart,
That we might marry and never part,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

(He) 9 I'll give to you the key to my chest,
That you may have gold at your request,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

(She)10 Yes, I'll accept the key to your chest,
That I may have gold at my request,
And I'll marry you, you, you,
And I will marry you.

(He)11 You would not accept my hand and my heart,
That we might marry and never part,
So, I'll not marry you, you, you,
So, I'll not marry you.

(He)12. For now I see that money is all,
Woman's love is nothing at all.
So, I'll not marry you, you, you.
So, I'll not marry you.

(She)13 I'm resolved to be an old maid,
Take my stool and sit in the shade,
If you won't marry me, me, me,
If you won't marry me.

BACHELOR'S SONG.

- (She)1 Sir, I see you've come again,
~~Pray~~, tell me what its for,
When I left you at Gardensville
I bid you come no more, no more,
I bid you come no more.
- (He) 2 Madam, I have a very fine horse,
He passes like a tide,
It will be at your command
The day you'll be my bride, my bride,
The day you'll be my bride.
- (She)3 Sir, I know your very fine horse
He stands in yonder s barn,
He knows his master will get cross
And he fears that he will harm, will harm,
And he fears that he will harm.
- (He) 4 Madam, I have a very fine field,
Full sixty acre wide,
It will be at your command
The day you'll be my bride, my bride,
The day you'll be my bride.
- (She)5 Sir, I know your very fine field
And also, very fine fruit;
When I get you I'll turn you out,
I'll show you a hog can root, can root,
I'll show you a hog can root.
- (He) 6. Madam, I'm afraid you're some old jade
And very hard to please;
Some of these cold and drizzly nights
I hope to lan's you'll freeze, you'll freeze.
I hope to lan's you'll freeze.
- (She)7 Sir, I know you're some old bachelor,
Your head is turning gray;
Some of these cold and windy days
I hope you'll blow away, away,
I hope you'll blow away.

BARBARY ELLEN

Or

BARBARA ALLEN.

"Barberry Ellen" is one of the most popular of all the ballads brought from England to America. It was well known during the time of Goldsmith and Pepys. The melody and verses are found in numberless variations and in many collections.

1. In Scar-let town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry "well-a-day"
Her name was Bar-bary Ellen.
2. 'Twas early in the month of May,
When the green buds, they were swelling;
Sweet William came from a western state
And courted Barbary Ellen
3. It was all in the month of June,
When the green buds, they were blooming,
Sweet William on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbary Ellen.
4. He sent his servant to the town,
Where Barbary was a-dwelling;
My master is sick and sent for you,
If your name is Barbary Ellen.
5. And death is painted on his face
And O'er his heart is stealing,
Then hasten away and comfort him,
Oh lovely Barbary Ellen.
6. So slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when she got there,
Young man, I think you're a-dying.
7. Oh yes, I'm sick and very sick,
And death is on me dwelling;
No better, no better I never can be,
If I can't get Barbary Ellen.
8. Oh yes, you're sick and very sick
And death on you is dwelling;
No better, no better, you never can be,
For you can't have Barbary Ellen.
9. Do you remember in yonder's town,
When we were there a-drinking,
I gave a health to the ladies all around,
And ~~slighted Barbary Ellen~~.

10. Oh yes, I remember in yonder's town
When we were there a-drinking,
I gave a health to the ladies all around
And my heart to Barbary Ellen.
11. As she was on her highway home,
His death bells she heard ringing;
They rang so clear they seemed to say
Hard hearted Barbary Ellen.
12. As she was going crost the fields,
She spied his corpse a-coming;
Lay down, lay down yon corpse of clay
That I may gaze upon him.
13. The more she looked, the more she moaned,
Till she fell to the ground a-crying,
Saying, Pick me up and carry me home,
For I am now a-dying.
14. Oh mother, oh mother, go make my bed,
And make it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,
And I shall die of sorrow.
15. Oh father, oh father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow.
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him to-morrow.
16. They buried her in the old church yard,
And he was buried a-nigh her,
On William's grave there grew up a rose,
On Barbary's grew a brier.
17. They grew to the top of the old church wall,
Till they could not grow any higher;
They wrapped and tied in a true lover's knot,
And the rose grew around the brier.

20

LIZA JANE.

Pentatonic-Major.

As sung by Jilson Setters at a
"Sir-off" Rowan County, Ken-
tucky--September 1911.

1. I'll go up on the mountain top,
And plant me a patch of cane,
I'll make me a bag of molasses
For to sweeten little Li-za Jane.

Hurry up, pretty little gal,
Hurry up, Liza Jane,
Hurry up poor little gal,
She died on the train.

2. I went to see my Liza Jane,
She was standin' in the door,
Her shoes and stockings in her hand
And her feet all over the floor.
3. The hardest work I ever did
Was a-breakin' on the train;
The easiest work that I ever did
Was a-courtin' Liza Jane.

CINDY.

This is a lively tune used with the fiddle. The "Big Sandy" referred to is the river by that name which has inspired many tunes and ballads. It empties into the Ohio River at Catlettsburg, Kentucky, the latter made famous by "Show Boat". The Big Sandy region is the richest in coal and oil in the State of Kentucky, and long before the railroad connected it with the Ohio Valley region, mountain folk traveled it by flat boat, and before that time, on "push" boats.

When I was a little lad about six inches high,

I used to court the pretty girls to hear the old
folks cry:

Get along down, down Big Sandy,

Get along down, down Big Sandy,

Get along down, down Big Sandy,

That's the place for you.

PUSH BOAT.

Pentatonic-Major.

As sung by Blanche Preston
Jones, Lawrence County, Kentucky
1911.

This ballad is classed as a "work" song, inasmuch as the men propelling the push boat with their long poles sang as they rowed down the Big Sandy river to its junction with the Ohio river at Catlettsburg, Kentucky.

The shawl Blanche Preston Jones is wearing in the illustration has nautical designs, and was brought into the Kentucky mountains by her sea-going ancestor, William Calvert Preston, who gave the shawl as a wedding gift to a Preston bride. She always wears this shawl in the festival. (See page 25).

This ballad was composed and set to tune by her great grandfather, Robert Preston, whose family was among the first settlers in the Big Sandy region of the Kentucky mountains, and for whom the town of Prestonsburg, in Floyd County, takes its name. Her kinsman, Thomas Jefferson Preston, owned and operated a push boat in the Big Sandy section before the coming of the steam-boat. "Old Man Jeffry" refers to him, and Ike is the name of his son.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Going up the river,
From Catlettsburg to Pike,
Working on a push boat
For Old Man Jeffry's Ike. | 4. I wish I had a nickel,
I wish I had a dime,
I'd spend it all on Cynthia
Jane,
And dress her mighty fine. |
| 2. Working on a push boat
For fifty cents a day,
Buy my girl a brand-new dress
And throw the rest away. | 5. The weather's mighty hot, boys,
Blisters on my feet,
Working on a push boat
To buy my bread and meat. |
| 3. Working on a push boat,
Water's mighty slack,,
Taking sorghum 'lasses down,
And bringing sugar back. | 6. Working on a push boat,
Working in the rain,
When I get to Catlettsburg,
Good-by Cynthia Jane. |

DOWN IN THE VALLEY.

With this best-loved of the lonesome tunes of the Kentucky mountains we close each year our Singin' Gatherin', and young and old "jine in" with the muted strain of fiddle and dulcimer, of "banjer" and harp.

1. Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow
Hear the winds blow, hear the winds blow;
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.
2. If you don't love me, love whom you please,
Throw your arms 'round me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease,
Throw your arms 'round me, give my heart ease.
3. Throw your arms 'round me, before it's too late,
Throw your arms 'round me, feel my heart break;
Feel my heart break, dear, feel my heart break,
Throw your arms 'round me, feel my heart break.
4. If you don't love me, none else will do,
My heart is breaking, dear, just for you;
Breaking for you, dear, breaking for you,
My heart is breaking, dear, just for you.
5. Writing this letter, containing three lines,
Answer my question, Will you be mine?
Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine,
Answer my wquestion, Will you be mine?
6. Buıld me a castle forty feet high,
So's I can see him as he goes by,
As he goes by, dear, as he goes by,
So's I can see him as he goes by.
7. Down in the valley, the mocking bird wings,
Telling my story, here's what he sings:
Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven, knows I love you.
8. Knows I love you, dear, knows I love you,
Angels in heaven, knows I love you.
Knows I love you, dear, knows I love you,
Angels in heaven knows I love you.

Old fiddlers:

Ed Haley was originally from Kentucky about Ashland. I think he is living yet.

Mill Haley, Blind Ed's father, was a great fiddler. Some one shot him, on his porch, at no. of Green Shoals, ~~at~~.

I and Tom Ferrell wrote the song

Big Eye Charley Butcher of Smokehouse fork of Harts Creek. ~~He~~ The Butchers came to lynch a man.

Jess Butcher cousin to above and another Butcher were in it.

Write Mrs. U. B. Browning
m. Van Buren Br. (Jr.)
dau. of Sam. U. Harold
(Don't write)

Joe Bowers

My name it is Joe Bowers,

I have a bro. Ike,

I came from old Missouri

All the way from Pike (in Mo)

I tell you why I left thar,

And why I came to Rome.

To leave my kind old Maamma,

So far away from home.

I used to court a gal there

Her name was Sally Black,

I asked her to marry me,

But, she said it was a whack

Said she to me: "Joe Bowers,

Before we hitch for life,

You ought to get a little home,

To keep your little wife

O Sally, dear Sally,

O Sally for your sake

I'll go down in California

And ~~there~~ try to raise a state

When I got in that country
 I hadn't many red,
 I had such a wolfish feelin
 that I wished myself most dead.

At last, I went to mining,
 I put in my biggest ticks
 I come down upon the boulders
 just like a thousand bricks.

At last I got a letter,
 It was from Brother Ike,
 It come from old Missouri
 All the way from Pike.

It said that Sal proved false
 to me

And her love from me had
 fled.

It said Sal had got mar-
 ried to a Butcher,

And the Butcher's hair
 was red

And more than that The
 letter said

It's enough to make me
 swear,

That Sally had a babe

And the baby's hair was red
Whether it was boy or girl
The letter never said
It said the baby's hair
Was inclined to be red.

By Bailey Wentz

Played by Morris Wentz.

Napoleon's Retreat no words

Cold Frosty Morning "

Sourwood Mountain

Birdie

Arkansas Traveler

Old Joe Clark.

Morris Harvey College had
the tunes and words to a lot
of them so one of the boys said.

1 mg. Copy Cash

J. B. Lambert
Barboursville
Original by 3:30 PM

Pholostat

✓ 1 (July 31, 1862 - p. 2 - A Temperance Lecture.

✓ 2 { Sept. 18, 1862 - p. 1. Return of Jenkins to Guyandotte

✓ 3 { Oct. 30, 1862 p. 2 Col. 1 - Article on the War.

✓ 4 { March 12, 1863 - p. 2 - Utah and the Mormons.

✓ 5 { March 26, 1863 - p. 1 - Last column. Poem.

✓ 8 May 12, 1864 p. 1 - Confessions of King Alcohol.

✓ 9 June 16, 1864 p. 2 Col. 1. Morgan in Ky.

✓ 6 { June 11, 1863 p. 1 Poems

✓ 7 { July 30, 1863 p. 1 Also p. 2.

~~June 16, 1861 p. 2 John Mor~~
(Check this to be sure.)

Jan 30, 1862 - p. 2 Col. 6. Col.
Garfield's Great Victory in Ky.
About 1/4 column.

Col. 1 -
"The Gen. Assembly of O.
has unanimously tendered
a vote of thanks to Gen.
G. H. Thomas, Col. John A.
Garfield, and Col. R. L.
McCook, for their gallant
conduct in Ky."

Nov. 28, 1861 - p. 2 - A Rebel's Letter
to his wife, Letter captured
at Harroville Ky - He
said - "Since I have seen
the Union men of Kentucky,
I intend to begin the work
of murder in earnest, and
if ever I spare any of them,
may hell be my portion
forever."

Also - "Alarm on the
Upon the Ohio."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing from Gauley Bridge, Upper Kanawha, says of the Lawrence Co. Cavalry:

"He (Capt. George), with his little band of Cavalry, has scoured the entire Kan. Valley, from Guyandotte to Ravenswood, and from Point Pleasant to Gauley Bridge. His men have met and fired upon the enemy five times, killing two men and one horse that they know of, and capturing fourteen guns (In that, I do not mean to include any of the guns that were taken here yesterday, that Governor Wise left. He has however, lost one man, Richard Lambert of Irondon; he was killed in the Battle of Scary, by grapeshot."

Fronton Register - Aug. 8, 1861.

Column 6.

Jenkins' Cavalry.

Correspondence of the Commercial, from Gauley Bridge Aug. 1st, giving an account of the march from Pocahontas to that place, 55 miles in 6 days - says:

The immortal Jenkins, with his cavalry, have in sight on a distant hill (six miles below Charleston) but seeing their confederates running, they struck spurs to their horses and disappeared - waving hats and cheering lustily. Jenkins (by parenthesis) is a genius. The Richmond papers teem with accounts of his prowess and personal daring, while to us he is an illusion, hovering just by our reach, aggravating us by his constant contiguity, but without giving us the slightest annoyance in any other manner. His company is unceasingly vigilant, and "take to horse and away" at the sight of a blue blouse and a bayonet, always cheering as they fade from view. What they mean is a matter of conjecture: ~~at~~ at the Barboursville fight they retreated before a shot was fired, and they have been harmlessly caracoling at a few miles distance ever since. The company is now reported disbanded, and as we have seen nothing of it for some time, we are inclined to think that they have at last discovered that their occupation, whatever it may have been, is gone.

On same page is a funny story
"About the Size of It."

(John Hammond By John D. Hume
Same Iron Ore R.R.

Wm. H. Lambert
m. Permelia

He lived in upper end
of Lawrence Co., near Gallia Co
line. Buried at Gallia Furnace

Have

Ben

Bill

John. etc

Effie

m. 1.

Springgs

m. 2. Alf Harman

They live at Black
Fork, near Jackson
Co. line.

Minnie m. John Smith
Lived in Wellston

Sarah m. Bill Riggs

Have & Chas. live
in Jackson, Ohio.